

ALMA RECORD.

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ALMA, : MICHE

FOREIGN powers are about to adopt the electrical welding method for making shells for artillery. How would it do to use the electric process to cement an agreement of peace between the rotten old monarchies?

STENOGRAPHERS and typewriters can be had in New York in bunches at \$4 a week. Cooks at \$30 a month and board can not be found to supply the demand. All of which shows that the girls of the period would sooner be dictated to by a man than by a woman.

It is said that the Chinese have no straight street or walls, because they believe that the devil travels in a straight line. The best evidence in every man's life sustains the belief that his satanic majesty seldom beats around the bush, but that like Santa Clause in the poem, he always goes straight to his work.

THE largest gold coin in circulation in the world is stated to be the gold "loof" of Annam, the French colony in eastern Asia. It is a flat round piece, worth sixty-five pounds sterling. The next in size to this unwieldy coin is the Japanese "obang," which weighs more than two ounces and a half, about equal to ten English sovereigns.

THERE were employed about 48,000 census enumerators for last year's United States census, and the average pay was about seventy-four dollars apiece, or \$3,552,000 in all, or about five cents a head of our population. There was neither time nor money enough spent on it. It had the disadvantage of being a legitimate object for the utmost liberality.

TO REGAIN a financial and commercial equilibrium it is necessary that common sense and conservative views should rule. To expect to get anything in this world without labor, or the products of labor, is a wild and dangerous theory. Laws cannot be passed to put money in one's pocket, but they can be adopted so as to keep it from being taken out unjustly.

IN consequence of the New French law compelling seminarians to serve in the army the French bishops have taken measures for their protection during the trying period of service. There is to be a seminarians' home in every garrison town, where they will spend all their leisure moments. They will, so far as possible, observe the college rules and continue their theological studies.

IT need not necessarily cut down next year's crop of wheat to inform the agricultural world that an acre of bananas will support 25 times as many persons as an acre of wheat. One thousand square feet of land, growing bananas, will produce 4,000 pounds of nutritious substance. The same space, devoted to wheat or potatoes will produce only 33 pounds of wheat, or 99 pounds of potatoes.

IN last reports from the consuls of the United States, H. F. Merritt, of the United States consulate at Chemnitz, offers to the farmers of this country some highly interesting information and advice about beet culture. In the first place he shows that the United States annually sends to the German empire fully \$16,000,000 for sugar made from beets grown in Prussia. Then he shows that in that part of the territory in this country lying between the thirty-eighth and forty-second parallels, there are millions of acres just as well adapted to the raising of beets as in the richest part of Prussia. There is no reason why the \$16,000,000 sent to Germany every year should not be kept in this country and go into the pockets of the farmer and the man who make beets into sugar.

IDEAS rule the world. They take possession of man's mind, and whether founded on fact or fiction the results are the same. Few individuals originate opinions of their own, for they are invariably obtained from those expressed by other. It is this condition of affairs—a condition and not a theory—which has been the rule in life from the days of Adam to the present time. And it is this condition which causes the wide-spread complaint of "hard times," which greets the ear whichever way one turns. In all ages, in all countries, rapid development of the resources of a new country, increased population, etc., cause outlay of immense sums of money and consequent great prosperity as long as capital is being invested. But this gain cannot be kept up indefinitely, a limit must be reached some time or other, and then a reaction sets in which is very keenly felt by all classes. And when the reaction does come, dissatisfaction among the people, and particularly those who have been unfortunate in speculation, follows.

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE GREAT CHURCH FESTIVAL.

The Significance of Christ's Resurrection in the Lives of His Followers.

New York, March 29.—Dr. Talmage preached an Easter sermon to his audiences today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at New York in the evening the Academies of Music were bright with a profusion of flowers, Easter lilies being conspicuous. A selection of music appropriate to the festival was beautifully rendered at each service. The text of the preacher's discourse was Matthew 28:6, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case, it is a matter of public interest; in the other, it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning, there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulchre, I have to tell you, in this sepulchre there was buried a King, a Conqueror, an Emancipator, a Friend, a Brother, a Christ, Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings, the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate and I suppose there were broad-branched trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rocks into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court-room, how refreshing to come out in these suburban botanical and pomological.

I walk a little further on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico and on either side there are rooms, two, four or six rooms of rock. In the walls are niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run his life line he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt nitre and cassia, and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalment. But I think in this case embalment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present: Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrin, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the United States government, or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb a light took place which decided the question for all grave-yards and cemeteries. Swords of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears at the doorway, comes up the marble steps, Christ having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last—the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

O woe no more, your conforts slain. The Lord is risen, he lives again. Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumanity he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where amid the announcements of obsequies the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the bier, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put

them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboriculture do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunny days twist a garland for her still heart. Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liverman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the universe. Let this be consolatory to those who through small means or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall-bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven on a burial, where there are six in attendance and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies. Again, standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrin, a regiment of soldiers from the tower of Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Predestination. The first fruits of them that sleep, just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just so certainly will we come up again.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead who come rushing out of the graves of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way! Oh, grave give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough ploughed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men, all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! Not one straggler left behind. All! All! And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day it means peace toward Heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Weath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom as the rose, braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections. Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the Gospel. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good-will. Resurrection of art. Resurrection of literature. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Christ, the Lord, is risen today. Sons of men and angels say. Raise your songs and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won. Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.

THE OMNIBUS.

Women are wedded to fashion and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully.

There is no difference between a dead miner and a live one, for in either case his dream of life is ore.

The "self-made man" is very likely to feel that he has a complete corner on the choicest curve business.

Henpecked husbands without distinction of party are a unit in favor of the closure rule. Closure means shut up.

A veteran of the war studied for a horse doctor, but his practice showed that though a veteran—nary surgeon was he.

She (piqued)—I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Bland! He (eager to suggest)—Er—why not try a husband?

Six hundred fathers have named their babies after Chauncey M. Depew. But for a while they will be chiefly before dinner speakers.

She (out of breath)—Doesn't it make you dizzy to wait? He—Yes, but one must get used to it, you know. It's the way of the whirlwind.

Teacher—To what circumstance is Columbus indebted for his fame? Tommy—To the circumstance that America was not already discovered.

Uncle George—And so you go to school now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best? Johnny—The exercises we go like to recess.

Jack Simpson—What is your favorite tree, Miss Cora? Cora Bellows (at 11 P. M.)—The maple. "Why is it?" "Because (yawning) it leaves early."

Young Wife—John, mother says she wants to be cremated. Young Husband—Tell her if she'll put on her things I'll take her down this morning.

THE DIAMOND DRUMMER.

HE MUST BE A VERY EXCEPTIONAL SALESMAN.

He Often Carries a Stock Worth \$25,000.—He Must Not be a Gambler or a Drinking Man.—He Sometimes Has a Guard.

"A thoroughly competent and thoroughly equipped diamond salesman," says a leading importer of the valuable stones to the Jeweler's Weekly, "is almost as rare and valuable as the diamond itself. I will say freely to you now that if I could find a salesman who filled all the requirements of the position I would gladly pay him a salary of \$10,000 or \$15,000 per year. But it is difficult to find a well-equipped salesman who has not some drawback or fault. There is a man in my mind now who is a most valuable salesman, is possessed of a thorough knowledge of diamonds, and his only fault is the fact that he will get drunk. Now if this man was strictly sober he could add several thousand dollars yearly to his salary. As it is he draws a large salary and the house which employs him would worry if they thought there was any danger of losing him. You can appreciate the danger of employing a man who is addicted to drink as a diamond salesman at once. You see we are forced by the nature of our business to give such a salesman when he goes out a valuable lot of goods to sell. We can't sell goods like other people.

"It is impossible to sell diamonds by sample. Diamonds are not manufactured; they are found, and when a man gets hold of a stone of value it is impossible for him to say to a customer, 'We have a stock of stones of which this is a fair sample, that we can supply to you. He must sell the stones separately. The buyer must examine each one. Hence we are forced to give the man a large and valuable stock of goods when he goes out to visit our customers. Now, anyone would naturally hesitate before he gives a man who is addicted to drink a stock of goods worth from \$20,000 to \$30,000. The firm who employs the salesman to whom I refer thoroughly realizes the danger and so does the salesman himself. He knows his own value and he also knows his own habits.

"In order to protect him when he goes out with a stock of goods a man is sent to accompany him. This man, who has nothing else in the world to do, always watches the salesman and takes care of the stock when he gets drunk. He receives a salary of \$1,200 a year and has all of his expenses paid. Of course this man is really no value except as a guard over the salesman, and you can at once see the estimate placed by the firm on the salesman's value.

"One of the greatest dangers to a diamond importing house is that a trusted salesman will fall in with an unscrupulous woman, or will become addicted to the habit of gambling. Suppose a man becomes a gambler and suffers losses heavier than he can afford. He gets in a tight place. Like every gambler, he feels sure his luck will soon turn. He knows he has \$20,000 or \$25,000 worth of goods with him, on which he can at once realize ready money at a pawn shop.

"He never doubts the turn of the cards his way. He sells or pledges his goods. Any of his regular customers will buy from him and will never suspect anything if he offers a bargain. He has done that often before for the sake of trade. He loses the money and his delinquency is soon revealed. Then comes arrest, prosecution and conviction. As I said when I began, good diamond salesmen are rare, and I could name now several men who have been found short, but whom their employers have forgiven and offered another chance sooner than lose their services. If we could sell goods by sample all this would be changed, but we cannot and hence we are forced to take the risks. As a result, you will find that as soon as possible most importers of diamonds give a salesman as soon as they possibly can an interest in the business besides his salary, so as to offer an additional inducement to him to be honest."

Professional Posting.

One of the foremost movie artists of New York is emphatic in insisting that a majority of studio-models are modest, clever women. She says the ordinary price paid is \$1 a morning, or thirty-three and one-half cents an hour, posing three and resting fifteen minutes. It is tremendously trying work, necessitating considerable training to make a subject available for an artist's purposes. Prettiness of form and feature are strong recommendations to favor, but women of heroic mold with characteristic and marked faces, are prized above beauties, and are often able to command very high rates. As an instance of the possibility of the profession, she told of two little Italian boys, brothers, who support a family of nine members solely with money earned in this way. They are charmingly handsome chaps, with lustrous southern eyes. They sit for pictures of fruit-vendors, acolytes, boy princes, etc. So easily and surely do the young foreigners make a living, that with the abandonment common to their race, both parents have resigned labor, and with five other children subsist upon the studio profits of their two eldest sons.—From the Illustrated American.

A Humble Nerve Tonic.

Dandelion is the coming nerve tonic for women. More than one experienced physician tells of its use in cases of nervous depression and melancholy almost suicidal. Hysteria with indigestion are most successfully treated by dandelion alone, using a strong decoction of the roots. For school girls growing green and black from over-

study or bad circulation from any cause, for excitable women and those hysterical subjects who make their friends' lives a burden if not their own, the simplest remedy is a cup of strong dandelion coffee three times a day, made from the roots, fresh as possible, not the dried stuff sold as dandelion, which is half bread crumbs and the other half any age with the life roasted out.

SHE WAS "BUSINESS."

But She Had a Tender Feeling Deep in Her Woman's Heart.

A rickety old wagon, drawn by a pair of lean old mules, came around the corner of the freight house. A little old woman was holding the lines and three or four tow-headed children were behind her.

"Heep-up, Jerusalem!" she called to the off mule, who shied at a freight car, and with a twitch and a yank and a cut she wheeled the team around and backed up to the platform.

"What's the express feller?" she asked as she jumped out and came along cracking her whip. "Oh, you are the chap? Well, the old man's thar in the wagon. I want to ship him up to Erin."

"I don't see him," replied the agent, as he looked into the wagon.

"He 'un's in the coffin thar? I'm going up with it to Erin. How much to pay?"

They went to the office and arranged matters, and the coffin was taken from the wagon and placed on a truck. Then the woman returned to the wagon and said to the eldest boy:

"Now you Rube, you drive slow and don't worry them mews, and the rest of you all behave yourselves. Come down fur me Wednesday, and bring a jag of co'n to sell with you. Hee-up, now!"

When the wagon had gone she turned to us and explained:

"Old man went off purty sudden, and I've had to move lively. He 'un wanted to be buried at home, and I wouldn't disappoint him."

"Your husband?" I asked.

"Sartin. Lived together nigh on to thirty years. Reckon you all are amazed that I don't cry and take on, but thar's heaps to see to, and it all falls on me. Only half an hour after the train, and I've got twenty things to think about."

We voted her full of "business," but rather hard-hearted, but we had to change our mind about that. She suddenly disappeared and as we walked along to the cotton bales piled high on the platform we heard a grieving and sobbing and then a voice of lamentation cried out:

"Oh, Jim, old man, it's the Lord's will, but I can't abide it! I'm a holdin' up and tryin' to be brave, but my old heart's being drowned out by tears which the eyes won't shed! I'm a-waitin' till I git back home whar I kin stop down and hev it out with my sorrow!"

And two minutes later she was standing at the ticket window and saying:

"Reckon these kivered kyars never do be on time, but I want no fussin' around in this case or somebody 'll get sued. Haint got but two days to put him through and git back home." —New York Sun.

A Matter of Color.

How many men feel called upon—How many vainly choose To paint the town a glory red To get rid of the blues.

Suspense.

Elysium is as far as to The very nearest room. If in that room a friend await Facility or doom.

What fortitude the soul contains That it can so endure The accent of a coming foot The opening of a door.

His Badge of Honor.

The face of Preston B. Plumb, senator from Kansas, not handsome at best, is pitted by smallpox, says the New York Telegram. Said a man the other day who knows him: "Each one of these smallpox pits on Plumb's face is a medal of honor. In the early days of Kansas, Emporia was a booming town and Mr. Plumb was an impecunious printer. He gathered money together, however, to start a little weekly newspaper in the town and was doing fairly well with it and had almost paid up his debts. There ran a rumor through the new town one day that a strange tramp had been suddenly smitten with the smallpox and the epidemic was in danger of spreading. The rumor meant ruin to the embryo municipality, and so the friendless and stricken man was hurried out on the prairies, far from the city, and left there in a log cabin to do the best he could for himself. There was no one to care for him, and of course, it was a wrestle with death. In a dingy, one-room editorial and printing office Preston B. Plumb heard the story. He closed the place, started out to the log house where the sick man lay, and for weeks nursed him and cared for him until he was saved from death. Then he lay down himself, stricken by the disease; but hearts had grown tenderer in the Kansas towns and kindly hands ministered to him until he, too, was saved.

Truthfulness.

Is it not a little odd that people are inclined to expect more from their children than they concede to their own duty? If all fathers and mothers were truthful, the result might not be to extirpate the race of liars, for liars must have originated and may well originate again, but it would surely diminish them. When these children of careless parents come to grief, there is the inevitable talk of ingratitude. Cakes and ale do not bind a son to decency or a daughter to purity. It is that subtle something which subsists in maternal care and fatherly love.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

He Had a Blood Purifier, but Found No Customers.

A dilapidated looking old man, who was chewing saffron root with great energy, suddenly appeared in the waiting room of the Erie depot across the river, and as he approached a man who was waiting for a western train he pulled a bottle of liquid from an old satchel in his hand and said:

"My friend, you are looking yaller about the eyes, which is a sure sign your blood is in a bad state. One bottle of my blood purifier will restore you to health and vigor."

"Don't want it, sir!" was the curt reply.

"All right, mister, all right. If a feller wants to keep on looking yaller about the eyes when a pannyce is at hand, that's his own business. Long 'bout the middle of April you'll be on your back with a spell of billious fever, but you needn't lay it up agin me."

The next person approached was a severe looking woman, about 35 years of age, who was probably an old maid.

"Them yaller streaks at the corner of your mouth denote a torpid liver, ma'am," said the man as he gave the bottle a shake. "Sartin' right here to improve your looks fifty per cent. in two weeks."

"Sir!" she demanded in icy tones. "Only fifty cents a bottle, ma'am, and made right in my own house, from herbs and roots gathered by my own hand. Just opened the spring campaign, and the price is only fifty cents a bottle."

"Go away, sir!" she commanded, loudly.

"Don't want any, eh?" "No, sir."

"All right, madam—all right. Torpid liver may be a good thing to have about the house, but I don't think so. Here's your pannyce, and if you don't want it I can't compel you to buy it."

The third person was a man with a marked redness of nose and rough spots on his face. He was busy with a newspaper when the old man approached and said:

"One bottle will cure that nose, or money refunded."

"What! What's that?" demanded the man.

"And the second bottle will cause every rough spot to disappear, though it would be safer for you to take a third. Three bottles for a \$1.25 or 50 cents for a single bottle. I war—"

"Look a here, you old reprobate! What are you driving at?" exclaimed the patient as he stood up.

"I am selling a blood purifier, made of roots and herbs. It's a little early, perhaps, but I want to get the start of the buckwheat scratchers. Are you a drinking man?"

"Do you mean to insult me to my face, sir? Why, I'll punch your head for a cent!"

"Wouldn't do no good, mister. Here's the only genuine blood purifier in market, and last year I sold 7,000 bottles of it. It invigorates the liver, tones up the blood, and if I can't cure that nose of yours I don't want a cent."

"I'll purify you, you old assassin!" shouted the man; and he was peeling off his overcoat to do it when the depot policeman came up and told the old man he must go out.

"And not sell a bottle of my blood purifier in this crowd?" He asked.

"Come, out you go."

"And you don't want a bottle for yourself? You've got a jandice look, and this 'ere stuff will knock the jandice into a cocked hat in just five doses."

He was led out and told not to re-enter the depot, but he stood at the door and said to the policeman through the glass window:

"All right, officer, all right. If the people don't want my blood purifier they needn't have it. Its the season of purity, but I never go agin the law; and if there's a rampage of billious fever next spring don't say I wasn't around with my pannyce at regular price."

Origin of Mermaid Stories.

The dugong, a species of whale found abundantly in the waters of both the great oceans, but especially off the coast of Australia in the Pacific, is believed to have furnished the slender basis upon which all mermaid and mermen stories have been founded. Its average length is from eight to twenty feet. It has a hand much resembling that of the human species, and breathes by means of lungs. It feeds upon submarine seaweeds, and when wounded makes a noise like a mad bull. Long hair in the female species and hair and beard in the male add to the resemblance of the head and neck. The flesh of this species of whale is used for food, and is said to have the flavor of bacon, mutton or beef, according to the part of the body from which the meat is taken.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Cranky Idea.

We believe in taxing every man fully up to his ability to bear it. Tax him for all the property he has, or all the common sense he hasn't, for all the luxuries he enjoys, and for all he don't enjoy, says the Gormantown Telegraph. Grumbling is one of the luxuries which only farmers can fully appreciate; he has so many things to grumble about, and to grumble at, and makes it such an important item of his social standing, and then it is so annoying to his cattle, hogs, hens, family and neighbors, that he can well afford to pay. And we hope to see the day when grumblers will pay all the taxes required to run the government, to pay off the national debt, to support anti-grumblers themselves, their heirs and assigns forever. There are enough of them to do it all easily.

He Didn't Rest.

The desperado of the olden mining days hardly led a dolce-far niente sort of existence. He did take life easily.—St. Joseph News.